

acts, Fiction, Fancies and Fashion of Interest to the Women of Washington

Helene's Married Life

By May Christie

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The Message of a Rose.

I went to sleep that night, and dreamed delightful dreams. Life suddenly seemed to be opening out new, unexplored vistas for me. Jim's memory would come back to him, and he and I would be so happy. Never again would any shadow come between us.

I woke in the morning to the recollection of his smile. Although he didn't in the least remember me, he'd "loved to look at me." Those were his own dear words.

He still felt the old attraction—only that his conscious mind wasn't to have forgotten me. Subconsciously he remembered.

Opening my window, I thrust my head out to a new, delightful day. A hint of frost was in the air, but the sun shone brightly with electricity. The keen, morning "tang" was most exhilarating, bracing me up to face life with fresh energy.

I could hear a rooster crowing in the distance. And along a nearby road came the brisk clatter of horse's hoofs. They echoed and re-echoed on the frost-bound ground.

Around a sudden bend, a good-looking, immaculately-attired young horseman, cantering cheerily. It was Tony.

I drew my head in quickly, for I didn't wish to be observed. What was he wanting now, this never-does-well?

That he intended to entangle Alice for his own nefarious ends, I had more than a vague suspicion. Where money is, there, too, is Master Tony! This is an undisputed fact.

Men of his kind don't understand the meaning of either fidelity or real affection. Self is their only god.

And so I feared for Alice. Flattery is the breath of life to her. And Tony comprehends the gentle art of flattery to the nth degree!

I closed my window and began to dress.

Presently a knock came at the door. A maid stood on the threshold with a letter.

"For you, miss." She handed me an envelope, wherein was inscribed my name in straggly writing. The handwriting was familiar to me. Tony again! Why wouldn't the man leave me a moment in peace, particularly on a glorious morning such as this, when thoughts of Jim obsessed my mind?

I thanked the maid, dismissed her, sat down on the edge of my bed, and proceeded to decipher Tony's missive.

"Dearest Helene," it began. "I frowned. I dislike affectionate familiarities that are insincere—particularly from a man of Tony's calibre.

"Dearest Helene—Why be so cruel? I read on. 'Why not arrange to have a meeting with me, in some quiet, cosy spot where we can talk, undisturbed? There's such an infernal mob of people around Anstruther Lodge, and mobs bore me. So won't you steal with me and have a quiet cup of tea with me this afternoon at that quaint little inn near Thorny Grange. The Sheaf of Wheat? I'll be waiting there for you at four o'clock. Fond love, Yours, Tony.'

CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

UNCLE WIGGLY AND JOHNNIE'S JELLY.

By HOWARD R. GARIS

"Come, Billie and Johnnie! Time to go to school!" called Mrs. Bushytail, the squirrel lady, one morning.

"Oh, mayn't we just stay a little longer and talk to Uncle Wiggly?" asked Billie.

"I'll talk to you when you come home from having had the lady mouse hear your lessons," said the old rabbit gentleman, who had gone, for a time, to live with the Buckytails, after having, with Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, made a long visit to the Littlebit rabbit family.

"I think I know everything but my jumping lesson," chattered Johnnie. "Please hear it for me, Uncle Wiggly. This is the book," and he handed one, with dried autumn leaves in, to the rabbit gentleman.

Then Johnnie began to recite: "Five times two jumps are ten jumps. Five times three jumps are fifteen jumps. Five times four jumps—"

"Well, you squirrel boys had better jump on to school, if you don't want to be late," cried Nurse Jane, coming around the corner of a tree just then. "Skip along."

"All right," answered Johnnie. "I'll take a walk and see if I can find an adventure," said the rabbit gentleman.

Over the fields and through the woods he hopped, and he was thinking it was about time, with spring coming on, to begin to build a new hollow stump bungalow for himself, when, all of a sudden, Uncle Wiggly heard a rustling in the bushes.

"Ha! I hope that isn't the fox, trying to catch me," said the rabbit gentleman, looking around the corner of his pink, twinkling nose. "I don't want to be caught by a fox. I must be careful!"

Uncle Wiggly went on very slowly, and just as he came under a big pine tree, with thick, green branches, like a Christmas bush, all of a sudden, out from behind this tree jumped the bad old Bazoopa.

"Oh, joy!" cried the Bazoopa, who was something like the Pipsisawah, only worse. "Oh, joy! Now I shall have all the souse I want!"

Turning to the Bazoopa, who had hold of him by the ears, Uncle Wiggly asked: "Will you kindly let me go for two snowballs?"

"No, nor for ten snowballs, nor ten times ten snowballs!" howled the Bazoopa. "I have you now, and I am not going to let you go, either."

"Mamma Littlebit, the rabbit, isn't here now: so help you get away on his kite. Nor Johnnie isn't here with his nut cracking teeth, to scare me. I have you good and proper!" snickered the Bazoopa.

"Yes," said Uncle Wiggly, sadly enough, "I am afraid you have. But tell me, he went on, 'If you won't let me go for ten times ten snowballs, will you let me go for ten times nine leetles?'"

"No!" snapped the Bazoopa. "Get ready to have your souse nibbled."

"How many are five times two?" came a voice from the pine-tree.

"Ten," answered the Bazoopa, before Uncle Wiggly had the chance to say anything. "Five times two are ten. But I'm not going to let Uncle Wiggly go for ten times two snowballs, so don't ask it, whoever you are!"

"I'm not going to," went on the voice, and Uncle Wiggly began to guess who it was. "How many are five times three?" was the next question.

"Fifteen, of course," was the answer. But I am not going to let Uncle Wiggly go for even fifteen leetles and part of another. I want his souse."

"How many are five times five?" asked the voice for the third time.

"Look here!" cried the Bazoopa, looking up but seeing no one. "Just stop asking those silly questions, and let me alone! I don't care how many five times five are."

"And five times six are twenty-five, and five times six jumps are thirty jumps," cried the voice. "But I think if I jump on you real hard that once will be enough! Here I come!"

And then down out of the tree jumped Johnnie Bushytail, the brave squirrel boy. Right on the soft and tender nose of the Bazoopa jumped Johnnie, as he had some hard hickory nuts in his pocket, they hurt the Bazoopa very much, to say nothing of tickling him.

"Do you want me to jump again?" asked Johnnie, as he landed on the ground. "The next lesson is five times seven jumps are thirty-five jumps and—"

"Oh, one is enough! One is enough!" My nose is too sore to sniff any snuff!" cried the Bazoopa, and away he ran, not getting any of Uncle Wiggly's souse at all.

"Midi" Costumes Are Newest Creations for the Dance



By CORA MOORE.

New York's Fashion Authority.

New York—Dancing is becoming so customary a part of dining or feasting informally that the designer has inaugurated a special type of costume for it. "Midi," these new costumes are called, because they are neither distinctly afternoon nor evening types, but something between.

They are cut modestly high in back and front and have either long sleeves or French shoulder sleeves. Also, they are fashioned preferably in dark or medium tones and generally comprise a wrap and hat as well as dancing slippers that show a distinct relationship with the frock.

Jean Troutman, in John Cora's production of "Roly-Boly Eyes," wears a Midi costume of dull gold, crepe meteor with an overdress of silk net. Ruchings of the net trim the skirt.

The cape is of the meteor with double ruffles of narrow dull gold braid. A stole at the back is finished with a design in gold applique braid and banded in natural skunk. Collar and cuffs are of skunk and a half of the meteor, edged with the silk net, complete the creation.

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Excellent Advice ::

By DOROTHY DIX, Highest-Paid Woman Writer.

HUSBANDS AND HOUSEWORK

An irate lady, who is evidently greatly peeved with her husband because he won't help her wash the dinner dishes, asked me if I do not think that a man is a mean, selfish old thing who refuses to assist his wife in doing the housework and taking care of the children.

That depends of two things.

(a) On whether the man likes to do housework or not.

(b) On whether the wife is sick or not.

If a man enjoys putting around a house—and there are some domestic angels with celestial wings sprouting on their shoulder blades—who do not re-hanging the pictures of an evening, and find rest and recreation in gliding the radiator and shifting the position of the piano—why, a wife would be a brute to deny a husband the simple joy of mixing the salad dressing, and scrubbing the pots and pans.

Such a man has a right to go on a debauch of house cleaning whenever he feels inclined to, nor should his wife restrain him from doing the marketing and wheeling the perambulator, and dressing little Mary for school, and stopping by the department store to match a sample of taupe peau de soie if he finds it particularly interesting to do household chores.

But if he hates, and loathes, and despises being turned into an errand boy, and if he grumbles and grouches over being made to do odd jobs around the house, and if his idea of a happy home is a place where meals automatically cook themselves, and clothes hang themselves up on hooks, and laundry magically performs itself and gets carried out by a woman's maid, and if a childfearer, why, then, I think a man should be spared all of the sordid details of running the domestic machine as long as he supplies the money to keep it going.

Unless, of course, the wife is sick. If she is an invalid, and unable to do the housework alone, it goes without saying that her husband should lend a helping hand.

As long, however, as a woman is husky and able bodied, there is no more reason why her husband should come home at night after a hard day's work, and help her with her labor, than there is why she should go down to his store or office, or shop and help him with his. It's his end of the matrimonial partnership to make the money to support the home. It's her end to do the actual work in the home, and she's laying down on her part of the bargain when she tries to load it on his shoulders.

Moreover, when a woman asks her husband to assume her job in addition to his own, she is placing upon him a handicap that is very apt to make him a loser in the race of life. The average man is no Sander. There is a very definite limit to the amount of his physical strength and vitality. His own work exhausts this to the danger line every day, and if, when he comes home, he has to make still further demands upon his depleted

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By MILDRED MARSHALL. Facts about your name; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; its significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

ELAINE.

A Southern favorite is Elaine, that most poetical and harmonious of feminine names. Before the civil war every proud family of Southern blood had an Elaine among its daughters, the Elaine Fitzhughes and Elaine Dulanys were legion, each a "belle of three counties" and the despair of many a loveless Southern gallant.

But Elaine was not born in the South by any manner of means. Her origin dates back to the days of beautiful Helen of Troy, when the name Helen, coming from the Greek hellos, meaning light was permitted to drop its initial "h" and become Ellen. In Cambria, however, this was too lacking in poetry to be popular, and it was called Elaine. It occurred under that spelling in the registers of early times, and thus explains the gentle Lady Elaine, mother of Sir Galahad, whom Tennyson makes his Lady of Shalott.

The name came to prominence again as Lady Elaine of the Round Table. "Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovely, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat," whose tragic fate is the source of song and story in the "Idylls of the King," an Irish prototype was Elaine or Eileen O'Brien, who likewise met with a tragic end, taking her own life after being carried away to Castle Knock by Roger Tyrrel, one of the fierce Anglo-Normans.

Tennyson's description of Elaine is exquisite: "Where could be found face fairer? Then her shape From forehead down to foot perfect—again From foot to forehead exquisitely turned."

Fair she was, my King. Pure, as you ever wish your knights to be. To doubt her fairness were to want an eye.

Elaine's talismanic gem is the pearl, giver of charm and love, and surely fitting jewel for so lovely a name. The lily is her flower, a fact which Tennyson uses with such touching pathos in describing the funeral bier of the dead Elaine. Monday is her lucky day and 2 her lucky number.

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"The stars incline, but do not compel."

HOROSCOPE.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1920.

Astrologers read this as an important day in planetary guidance. Although Saturn is in a biding aspect, the sun is in a place that promises beneficent rule. It is a most auspicious time for seeking positions or preferment. Many political appointments seem to be indicated.

There is a sign that is threatening to the rising generation, and may mean much illness, increase of juvenile crime and more widespread child labor.

Statute seems to give warning that there will be anxiety over ever large revenues are imperative. Among many who should give, great numbers will hold back. This aspect also will apply to the income tax and numerous cases of delinquencies will be discovered, the seers predict.

This is not a promising or salutary way for persons past middle age.

The moon, ruler of the tenth house, conjoined with Uranus in the fifth, is read by a London astrologer to presage the death of a distinguished person, probably of royal lineage.

The stars appear to foreshadow a poisoning or drugging scandal that will cause a national sensation.

While the sun is in benefic aspect, it is wise to seek employment. This should be a lucky day for all who desire to better economic conditions.

Although the King of Italy may have many labor problems and much socialistic agitation to contend with in the coming year, his horoscope seems to indicate that he has little to fear, as his country will prosper.

The seers declare that the Presidential election will bring such startling results that a new chapter in political history will be written. It has been repeatedly prophesied that no man who belongs to past campaigns will succeed in 1920.

Children born on this day are likely to be headstrong and willful. These subjects of Places should be carefully guided, as they are capable of big attainments.

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IS THIS YOUR TYPE?

By MARIE LA ROQUE

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Are Your Eyes Far Apart?

The correct distance between the eyes, so they say, is the length of one eye. If your eyes are set further apart than that—much further—you may be an imbecile, because authorities say that eyes set too far apart are a sign of imbecility. Or you may be a George Washington. In any portrait you may see of the Father of His Country or in any pen picture written by one who saw him, one of the most striking things about his face, you will see, is the distance between the eyes, which was greater than the ideal of the average. Then there was Peter the Great, who has a striking distance between his eyes. Torquato Tasso had strikingly far-apart eyes and in the face of the great naturalist, Agassiz, the unusual distance between the eyes seemed to indicate his great powers of seeing things about him, his ability to observe what others left unobserved. With Robert Louis Stevenson this same characteristic adds a look of perpetual boyishness—something that you would expect in the man who wrote "Treasure Island" and refused to put aside the imagination of a child even in the face of misfortune and intense suffering. Maude Adams has wide-apart eyes—something that makes her face so charming when she plays the role of Peter Pan.



The Far-Apart Eyes Favored By Genes.

says: "Her eyes at least were beautiful, they were unusually far apart and let you look straight into them and never quivered, they were soul-deep, gray, searching eyes, they seemed always to be asking for the truth."

HEAD NURSE SAYS

LEARN TO LIFT.

Lifting is an art. Frequently one hears of a very tiny person who has lifted her patient with utter ease for him and without injury to herself. On the other hand, a strong man who does not understand how to lift a helpless person may make a decided fizzle of it.

To move a heavy person in bed the nurse puts her right hand and arm obliquely under the patient's back, the patient's shoulder resting in the hollow of her own. Then, reaching across the patient she places her left hand well under his other shoulder. The upper half of his body can now be lifted gently and evenly to a fresh place in the bed. Now the right hand and arm are slipped under the lower part of the body, the left hand almost meeting it under the back, the nurse can swing the patient into position where she will.

If the patient slips down in bed, he can sometimes render some assistance by clasping the nurse about the neck, while she lifts under his shoulders. In the same way support should be given with the left arm when raising the patient to a just the pillows. The head being allowed to rest against the nurse's shoulder, while she supports his back with her hand. The other hand is used to place the pillows.

There is also a right and wrong way to transfer a patient from one bed to another or to a lounge. Swing the head of the lounge toward the foot of the bed in which the patient is resting. Two or three persons can lift the patient by taking forty-two or three steps from the bedside, and no turning will be necessary on the part of the carriers.

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REMODELING A WIFE

A Story of Married Life Where the Husband Would Be a Creator

By MILDRED K. BARBOUR.

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A Perplexing Problem.

Doris stopped at a confectioner's, patronized by the fashionable, to purchase a box of Anne's favorite candy. She ran across Mrs. Stevenson and Lila, selecting candied favors for a birthday party for little Althea.

"Come and see these darling kewpies done in pink sugar, Doris," cooed Mrs. Stevenson. "Doesn't it make you want to be a child again?"

"My husband left this morning for it is," laughed Lila, who was looking exceptionally fit. There was a new vivacity about her in contrast to her usual listlessness.

"My husband left this morning for a long period of sea duty," she whispered to Doris, while her mother was engaged with the saleswoman.

Doris marveled at the way of the world which could make some wives so happy at the prospect of their husbands' long absence. She shuddered to think of how she would feel if Stewart were leaving her for months and months, even with the memory of the morning's scene fresh in her memory.

"You must come to the party tomorrow," said Mrs. Stevenson graciously, determined to make the younger woman feel her magnanimity in overlooking the other's former rudeness. "We are having forty-two or three steps from the bedside, and no turning will be necessary on the part of the carriers."

"I must be off, Anne. Thanks for a pleasant hour."

"But you must stay to luncheon," insisted Miss Fulton.

"Sorry, I've a charity luncheon on today, and everything is sure to go at sixes and sevens if I'm not on time. You will do me the favor I ask," Anne said.

"Gladly," assented Anne.

The Flour of the Family



Washington Flour is Supremely Good for Family Use because

—it's made of selected wheat—milled under water power—and scientifically blended so that every type of baking the housewife has to do can be successfully done.

Ask your grocer for Washington Flour and you'll be satisfied.

Made Right Here in Washington

Virginia Lee's Personal Answers To Herald Readers' Questions

The following letter which I have just received presents a difficulty that many a young person is called upon to face and for that reason I will answer it here.

Dear Miss Lee:—I am a young man to years of age. A month ago I met a girl a year younger and after going with her a week we became engaged but now I regret it as I fully realize that it was only a passing fancy on my part. Both of our parents knew about our engagement from the first and I introduced her to my mother. After I realized how I felt I told her that we were making a mistake and that we could not be happy together as I cared for her only as a good friend; but she started crying and after a few minutes I left her. My parents say that I am treating the girl unkindly yet I cannot see it in that light. I am making plans to go away next week as I cannot marry a girl I do not love, but I will appreciate your advice whether I am right or wrong.—A Worried Young Man.

You were right in breaking the engagement. Of course it is not flattering to any girl's vanity to have the man break the engagement. Yet it is fairer to her by far than to marry her if you are not in love. You both made a mistake in becoming engaged before you scarcely knew each other and no doubt the girl will realize before long that she really did not care for you as she thought. Of course it is hard but it is the only right way.

Conscience.

Dear Miss Lee: If a nice girl is really in love with a young man it is wrong for her to sit on his lap for a short time?—K. L.

It certainly is. Your conscience should tell you that even if you didn't know it was wrong.

Dog Show.

Dear Miss Lee: Please tell me if there is to be a dog show in Washington this spring and who I can consult about entering my dog in it?—O. E. S.

The annual bench show of the Washington Kennel Club will be held April 12 and 13. C. A. Watson, the secretary and treasurer, whose address is 1742 Lamont street, is in charge of enrolling new members.

Shooting of Dan McGrew. Dear Miss Lee: Could you tell me the author of the poem entitled "The Shooting of Dan McGrew"? I would like to know where I can get a copy of the poem.—WATSON.

Robert W. Service wrote "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." You will find this poem in his selections, "The Spell of the Yukon." The Public Library has practically every book store has a copy.

Altitude.

Dear Miss Lee: Please tell me what is the altitude of Madison, Va.—L. E.

I haven't the exact altitude for Madison but am informed that judging from the reports on the surrounding territory it must be between 700 and 800 feet.

Loaves Her Minister.

Dear Miss Lee: About a year ago a new minister came into our neighborhood. I liked very much from the first. My deep regard for him has steadily increased until I feel that he would not be worth living if it were not for him. Now he has never appeared to even notice me more than the other officers of the church. I am sure that if he had ever seen me he would have been as kind to me as he was to a man who is in his 12

Fashionable Nancy



Perfect in line you may be sure in Nancy's Navy blue tulle. A ripple waist-line smart and new. A novel rounded collar, too. She wears a hat that's very wide. With two black wings at either side.

Virginia Lee